

DIED FOR SAKE OF ART HOARD

Gustav Fuchs a Suicide Rather
than Part with His
Treasures.

ARTIST LIVED IN WANT.

Surrounded by Fortune in Rare
Works, Aged Man Bore
Privations.

And those that were good, shall be happy.
They shall sit in a golden chair,
And gash at a ten-acre canvas
With brushes of comets' hair.
And only the master shall praise us,
And only the master shall blame us,
And nobody shall work for money.
And nobody shall work for fame.
But each for the love of the working,
And each in his different star,
Shall paint the things that are,
For the God of things that are.
—RUDYARD KIPPLING.

Gustav Fuchs, artist, designer, painter, sculptor and writer, lies dead to-day in his apartments, No. 206 East Eighth street, the old man having shot himself to death last evening because he preferred death rather than to part from the art treasures he so loved.

Mr. Fuchs was one of the best-known artists in the country. Once he had millions, but his fortunes ebbed, and of late he had found himself worse than penniless; either part with his art treasures to live, or die. He preferred death, and in dying he willed the treasures to the persons he loved—persons he believed would care for them as he had.

Starved for His Treasures.

Mr. Fuchs separated from his wife five years ago, and since then he had been living with his works of art and his books. He had friends by the score, but he had the same austere temperament and he kept secret from them that his money was gone and that his treasures must go or he would want for the very necessities of life.

The old artist began planning for his death shortly before noon yesterday. He placed his will where it could be found, dressed himself with great care, and then, sitting by the window in an easy chair, he waited until a street player came along. The piano began playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and while the strains of music were sounding in the streets he sent a bullet through his brain.

When the body was found the will was found too. The will was in an envelope on which was written:

Masterpiece to Schiff.

"My last will and testament, November 8, 1905. This document to be personally surrendered to Frederick Rothschild, of the Waldorf-Astoria Cigar Company."

On the table also were six letters addressed to Mr. Rothschild, and also a note. The note read: "Please read these letters before you open the will." Among the pictures ready for shipment was the artist's masterpiece, entitled "The Moses Column." It is a beautiful steel engraving, dedicated to suffer from Russian massacres, and was willed by the suicide to Jacob H. Schiff, President of the Society for the Relief of Russian Sufferers.

Another symbolic masterpiece is the engraving entitled "Law and Peace," and it is willed to Walter M. Chandler, the lawyer of No. 3 Nassau street. This picture represents Christ and Moses embracing.

On a marble table there stood a handsome bust of President Roosevelt, the handiwork of Fuchs, and showing his marked skill in bronze. There was also an original poem, written in German, entitled "Roosevelt, the Apostle of Peace."

The Portsmouth Drama.

Mr. Fuchs's latest work, and the one which is still to be seen all over the city, "The Portsmouth Drama," was also found.

The suicide's bookcase, containing rare editions of musical classics, works in Greek and Latin, German and English, were bequeathed to Mr. Chandler. A mahogany box, securely locked, was inscribed "A Souvenir Reliquie from Goethe's Palm Garden." The box, which was beautifully carved, was willed to Columbia University.

Mr. Rothschild said he had known Mr. Fuchs for twenty-five years, and that of late the artist was in financial straits, despite the income he derived from his works of art.

It is thought that he speculated heavily and lost all he had. Although he could have realized large sums by selling his masterpieces and books, he would not part with them, and, rather than sell the things that were dearer to him than life itself, he committed suicide.

GIRL VIOLINIST TELLS OF CAREER

Little Marie Hall Began by
Playing for Pennies
in Street.

GENIUS WON SUCCESS.

Now Under Official Chaperon, as
England's Ward, Earns
Thousands.

BY ALICE ROHE.

Ten years ago a tiny little girl with big, wistful brown eyes was playing for pennies in the streets of Bristol, England. Sometimes pennies came in slowly and then there was hunger and sorrow for the child musician.

To-day the same little girl, with the same wistful, dreamy eyes, no longer counts paltry coins, for where pennies came into her outstretched hand before, hundreds and thousands of dollars—the best recognition of genius—are literally poured out to her.

This is the story of Marie Hall, the English violinist, and as I entered her apartments in the Westminster Hotel, in Irving place, I wondered how much of her life story that has been told and retold by ambitious press agents would fall from her own lips.

The young violinist, who had won her American audience at Carnegie Hall just as she had won England, extended a hand of welcome in an almost childish manner. In the corner sat the official chaperone, the chaperone provided by the English Government, for know you, the small dark-eyed genius is called the ward of the British nation, and the Government has provided an official companion to look after her in her visit to the wilds of America.

A Word of England.

It was the romantic life story of this girl that I wanted to hear, free from all anecdotes of the press agent, and the slight, nervous-looking young woman, with the short wavy brown hair falling around her sensitive face hesitated before she told it.

"Marie is so tired," interrupted the official chaperon. "She really ought not to talk. I hope you won't ask her any more questions."

Little Miss Hall was all animation, however, when she began to tell the story of her wonderful career. The story of a little violinist, who had through her own determination and will brought her genius into recognition.

You see, I was born in Newcastle twenty-one years ago," began Miss Hall. "My father was a musician, and a splendid one, too. He was decided, however, on one thing, and that was to educate me for a violinist. I always loved music, and when we were living in Bristol I used to steal his violin from the case and play on it. Mr. Fuchs was in the orchestra with Carl Rosa, and was an excellent instructor besides."

His name? Edward Felix Hall, and it is to his teaching that I owe my first musical instruction. When I was five years old I played the harp and by the time I was eight I understood music well.

"My father, like many people with the artistic temperament, was a dreamer and even worse. He became more and more shiftless. He lost his position in the orchestra, and finally we became so poor that there was no other way for me to do but to go out into the street with my violin and play."

Played in the Street.

"You don't think the American people will think any the less of me for this, do you?" inquired the little violinist, with childlike naivete. "I don't like to talk about this part of my life, though, for it is all so full of hardships."

"One night, when I was playing in the street—you see, I would go into public houses and on the street corners to play—a gentleman stopped and listened to me for a long time. Finally he came up to me and asked me a lot of questions. He gave me his address and told me to call on him. It was Elgar, the great composer and musician, and he bought me a new violin and gave me money for lessons."

"He was the first one who recognized my genius and who gave me encouragement. His interest resulted in my being sent to Birmingham by some friends to study with Max Messel. In fact, if it had not been for these dear, kind people I could never have accomplished anything, for we were all too poor to even live decently."

"I stayed in Birmingham three years, and then Napier Miles took an interest in me and sent me to London."

Met Kubelik There.

"Oh, that was the real beginning," cried little Miss Hall. Whereupon the official chaperon gave a significant look at me and then at the door.

"I studied in London two years with Kruse and then I met Kubelik. I played for him, and only think! He played the same thing—the Wienawski concerto—that he had played the day before. Wasn't that a bold thing for me to do? But I really wasn't, for he praised me and was so enthusiastic that he made arrangements for me to study with his own instructor, Sevcik, in Prague."

"You know there are six years in the course at the conservatory, and they put me in the sixth year at once."

After I was graduated I studied a

Resides Mrs. Sympson Square and Mrs. August-Purple-Aster and their smart set, on exhibition in creations of Worth, Redfern and Paquin, there will be plainer Manhattan dames in domestic copies of the Paris models. The dressmakers' show won't be in it.

The slaughter of rare birds and furbearing mammals has kept the troupes and the artists busy for many months getting enough fine feathers and Russian sables, royal ermine and other glories for the array of the fair contestants.

Watch out! The display this year will be more bewilderingly lovely than ever before. Womanhood will be decked out in the finest laces, fabrics and furs, designed after fashions heretofore unheard of, executed with the consummate skill of the world's greatest tailors and modistes.

Then there'll be the jewels, outshining any pawn shop in sparkle and value and varying with the good taste of the wearer.

It will be the greatest spectacle on earth. Think of the poor "Angels" of the show who are looking it upon against their will. Consider the depleted bank accounts of the plain black-clad husbands and fathers looking their most insignificant in the back of the box-a.

Can they get any pleasure from looking at their lovely womenfolk? Their fan is all in looking at their pretty neighbors.

Who looks at the horse? Why, what a silly ideal! No one does. What's a horse got to do with a horse show, do you think?

FAMOUS VIOLINIST ONCE PLAYED IN STREET FOR PENNIES



Marie Hall

year taking private lessons with Sevcik, and, oh, the hours were delightful. Sometimes Sevcik became so interested that the lessons would last five and six hours.

"I came out at Prague when I was thirteen."

"Yes, and when she played the Elgar concerto she was recalled twenty-five times," I broke in the official chaperon. "Oh, say how to applaud those Bohemians!"

"Then I went to Vienna and gave concerts with the Philharmonic and then when I went back to London," said the violinist.

"Miss Hall's triumph in London is a matter of musical history."

Played for the Queen.

"It was when I was commanded to play for Queen Alexandra that I was most happy," said the English girl. "She is a dear woman and was so encouraging! Everything was so informal."

Horse Were Not in it with

the Display in the
Boxes.

MEN ARE ALL "BLUE"

Husbands and Fathers—
"Angels" of the Show—
Feel the Need of Cash.

Well! Well! Well!
Why does every man wear such a
silly face? Because he carries such
an empty wallet.

What's the trouble? The Horse
Show, of course.

For weeks all the fashionable, near
fashionable and would-be fashionable
maids, wives and widows have been
laying in a stock of purple of purple
and fine linen to dazzle-dazzle at the
opening of the Horse Show.

And the poor fathers, husbands and
brothers have to suffer, of course.

By Tuesday there won't be a self-respecting
woman in New York who will not
be ready to rush to the show in the
gladdest possible tones, expectant
of the first prize.

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This lady had derived great benefit
from the use of Father John's Medi-
cine, but when her brother tried to
purchase some of this old remedy for
her in Las Vegas it was not possible
to do so. Her brother knew how im-
portant it was that his sister should
have Father John's Medicine every
day, so he telegraphed to Chicago for

a bottle, which cost as follows:—
Telegram\$0.60
Express1.00
Father John's Medicine.....1.00

Total\$2.60
Mr. Lindell says that even at this
price he would not be without the
medicine for his sister. Now the drug-
gists in Las Vegas keep Father John's
Medicine in stock for the benefit of
the consumptive sufferers to whom
Mr. Lindell has recommended it. He
says: "Father John's Medicine will
be the means of health to thousands
as soon as it becomes really known
here. You owe it to humanity to
make this medicine known."

Rev. Mr. Lindell, of Chicago, Says of Father John's
Medicine: "You Owe It to Humanity to
Make This Medicine Known."

Miss Lindell, daughter of Rev. Mr.
Lindell, of 5557 State st., Chicago,
Ill., has gone to Las Vegas, New
Mexico, in the hope of getting cured
of consumption. She is at the new
"Fraternal City," just outside of Las
Vegas, where it is expected that with-
in a year 100,000 consumptives will
be located, living in tents.

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JEROME ON HEELS OF POLICE GRAFT

County Detectives Have Se-
cured Evidence While
Posing as Patrolmen.

Several Times during the last campaign

District Attorney Jerome made al-
lusions to graft in the Police Depart-
ment. The mysterious references he
made it is said, he now stands ready
to clear up, and to that end on Wednes-
day next he will have a conference
with Police Commissioner McAdoo.

At this meeting Mr. Jerome will tell
the Commissioner that while he thought
things were all right in the depart-
ment things were going on which
make it apparent that some one
trusted by the Commissioner pulled the
wool over his eyes.

Evidence that is conclusive, so far as
Mr. Jerome is concerned, will be laid
before the Commissioner of promise
of promotion for money.

Mr. Jerome is in possession of im-
portant information furnished by one
of his county detectives, who posed as
a policeman anxious for promotion. The
county detective met a man who is con-
nected with the Commissioner's office
in a confidential capacity while the lat-
ter was riding around town in an auto-
mobile. They drank several bottles of
wine together. The county detective
said he was a policeman attached to
the Conay Island Precinct, and the
Commissioner's confidential man prom-
ised for \$400 to promote him to the rank
of a roundsman. He said that \$300 of
this sum was to go into his own pocket
and that the remaining \$100 would have
to go "higher up."

The county detective arranged to pay
the amount demanded on the following
day within ear-shot of the Commissioner's
private office. There was another man
from Mr. Jerome's office present at the
time, who overheard the conversa-
tion, and Mr. Jerome also has the name
of the chauffeur who drove the auto-
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been accumulating for months and
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time, and the reports of his secret
agents resulted in at least three im-
portant transfers.

Mr. Jerome is in possession of im-
portant information furnished by one
of his county detectives, who posed as
a policeman anxious for promotion. The
county detective met a man who is con-
nected with the Commissioner's office
in a confidential capacity while the lat-
ter was riding around town in an auto-
mobile.